Death of the Honeysuckle

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Death of the Honeysuckle

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Summary

Ending a relationship is one of the toughest things you can do.

Notes

A really late birthday gift for someone I admire a whole lot! This was pretty emotionally draining to write, so I apologize if it's a bit choppy.
And I still hate the title I gave this thing.

Two panting brothers laid side by side in the bed as they caught their breath. One wore a weary smile, while the other stared blankly at the ceiling.

Ford glanced at the man resting his head on his shoulder. The completely emotionless expression he held made the smile disappear straight from Ford's face.

Oh no.

When Stanley lifted his head and sat up it was as if he had taken a chunk of Ford's flesh up with him.

Lee sat at the edge of the bed and held his head in his hands, long sigh escaping him. He flicks the lamp on and takes his glasses from the nightstand.

Not again.

Ford stares in dismay at his brother back. In any other situation he would have admired the red scratches he'd left there.

"Stanford." Lee huffs, knowing his brother knows exactly what he's about to say.

"Stanley…" Ford trembled in response.

Stanley silently puts his glasses on and then lets his elbows rest on his knees.

He examines the floorboards as the words he didn't want to say ran through his head. Squeezing his eyes tight, he steels himself for the pain he was about to put them both through.

After all, it was for the best.

Right?

"This needs to stop."

The fact that it was said so calmly, so *frigidly*, only serves to cut them deeper. Some part of Lee regrets the words. It only makes him feel even more shame.

Ford has a painful, tense lump in his throat. His face grows hot as he weakly shakes his head.

Please, not this.

"*Don't*…" Stanford pleads, voice tight with emotion.

Stanley's shoulders slump and he wishes nothing more than to take the words back. To take that sorrow out of his brothers heart. He remembers that he's the one who put it there, and knows that he has to end this. Before it gets any more terrible.

’*But what can get any more dreadful than what you’re doing now?*’ He mocks himself laughingly.

He swallows back his sorrows, and is surprised to find it stung to do so. The shaky breath he lets out doesn’t help his turmoil.

“This is *wrong*.” He blankly murmurs.

He can barely bring himself to turn around. One look at his brothers face and he knows he’ll become a sobbing mess. But it’s the only way he can really get this across.

So, with every part of him telling him not to, he turns around.

Then, even as the grief in his brothers eyes tears his heart to shreds, he coldly states,

“*We’re* wrong.”

The agony that crosses Stanford’s face echoes on his own. He’s forced to whip back around. If he were to stare any longer… He’d only end up hating himself more.

Suddenly there’s a hand on his shoulder. The contact heats up his skin and sends sparks through his body.

God, he hated those sparks.

“*Please* don’t say that.” Stanford begs, squeezing his brother’s shoulder.

It takes all of his strength to pull his shoulder from that comforting hand. That damned, cursed hand that he longed so much to hold.

Stanfords hand hovers there where his lovers shoulder used to be. He stares at it in horrified shock. It’s as if someone tore his heart out of his chest and put it in a pressure cooker. He stayed there paralyzed as his brother stonily put on his clothes. Everything inside him was bawling ’*No!*’, but for the life of him he couldn’t even gasp out a syllable.

As Stanley buttoned up his shirt, he glanced at his frozen brother. If only he could nail his feet to the ground, it was so difficult to hold himself back.

“Tomorrow, we forget this ever happened. We go back to being just brothers.” He commands cruelly.

How could he ask that of his brother when he’s not even sure he can do it himself?

“Everything that we did… It *never* should have been *done*.” His hands are shaking. He fists them in an attempt to make it stop. His eyes stay glued to the floor.

If he doesn’t keep going, if he ceases his dreadful words, he might take it all back. Then his brother will forgive him dutifully.

He can’t let that happen again. This time, it was permanent.

This time, he was gonna make sure they hated each other.

Make sure he hated *himself*.

“We were a *mistake*.”

It’s like a dagger into his chest.

“What we had is *disgusting*, it’s…”

The dagger twists.

“We need to stop before we regret it.”

At this point, he’s not even sure if his brother is listening to him. Now it’s just self mutilation.

“I can’t love you. I’m not *supposed* to.”

He hears a small inhale from the bed. He chances a glance and what he sees makes every fiber of his being throb in despair.

Fat, ugly tears were streaming down his brothers face. Ford was staring right through him. It was as if the soul that used to be behind his eyes had been sucked into a vortex, lost forever.

Bile rises in his throat when he reminds himself that he’s the one that caused those tears.

He’s not sure he can hold himself back for much longer.

He takes a deep, shaky breath in, and looks his brother straight in his empty eyes.

“I hope you can understand that.”

With that, he walks out of the room. The click of the door is like a gunshot through Stanley’s being.

Sobs could be heard through the wall. He forces himself to listen to them. This is why they had to separate. This is why they should have never gotten together.

The pained cries go on for what feels like an eternity.

And Stanley makes sure he hears every last one of them.

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